REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

(By the Adjutant.)

It has been forty-six years since the close of the great struggle, called the Civil War, which was so gallantly fought by the soldiers of the north and the south, yet as the scenes of that great conflict, as viewed by the survivors of the "Boys in Blue," it seems as though it had occurred but yesterday. The Grand Army of the Republic, of which we, of that organization, here at Phoenix, Arizona, are an integral part. The Grand Army of the Republic was organized in A. D. 1866, immediately after the close of the war, at Decatur, Illinois, by a veteran by the name of Stevenson, for the purpose of keeping up those principles of friendship, loyalty and charity, that fine feeling of comradeship which enables us to hail each other by that endearing name of comrade.

The organization is and has been for many years divided into Grand Army Posts, scattered all over the union, and the spirit of friendship is still further cemented, by state and national reunions and national encampments; one of which has just passed into history, at Los Angeles, September 9 to 14. The "old boys in blue," that attended this last encampment, from all the northern states of the union, show plainly, by their gray hairs, that their ranks are being reduced very rapidly by the grim reaper; so, that in a very few years at most, these reunions and encampments will be a thing of the past. At these reunions and encampments, there is a constant search by these veterans for some comrade with whom they had bivouacked or fought on bloody battle fields. The writer witnessed some of such reminders of those bloody times, one of which is called to mind:

The writer was sitting in the lobby of the Baltimore hotel at Los Angeles, when a soldier by the name of Murray, now a resident of California, came in and began a spirited boosting for the climate and country of California. The subject was indeed inspiring, so much so, that the writer began boosting for his adopted state, Arizona, after which the California booster came over to our side of the house and seeing a comrade, Mr. Greer of Phoenix, sitting by with an Illinois badge on his coat said to him, "what regiment did you serve in?" He was answered the 94th. Murray said, "Shake, d—n you shake," and the comrade who happened to be from Phoenix had the time of his life, for several hours, in meeting this old comrade who had served in the 20th Wisconsin, and both had fought in one of the severest engagements of the Civil War, at Prairie Grove, Arkansas, in which 12,000 federals were engaged against 36,000 confederates.

Murray said, and Mr. Greer will corroborate the statement, that it certainly was a sanguinary conflict. Murray's company went into the fight with about seventy men and came out of it with fourteen men, and he himself came out with his rifle, of which nothing remained but the barrel, the butt and bayonet having been left on the field. They had captured a battery, also the Seventh Alabama regiment, which regiment was afterward recaptured twice during the war.

We do not wish to make these reminiscences too long, but will say in closing that J. W. Owen Post No. 5, of the Department of Arizona, meets in the K. of P. Hall twice a month, on the first and third Wednesdays, and all old G. A. R. men are admonished to attend, and a cordial invitation is extended to all transient or visiting comrades, and an earnest request to those veterans who have not yet affiliated with us, to come in and join our post. We are sure they will not regret it. At our next meeting we will have a campfire and toasts. The Women's Relief Corp of Phoenix, a part of the great organization, are of great assistance in helping to keep our organization in existence by their many charitable works. They also meet in the same hall, at the same hour of the day, at 2:30 p. m. A part of our duty is to be loyal, to care for the sick and distressed, and to bury the dead; also to demand the establishment of soldiers and sailors homes, for the care of the sick and invalids of our fast depleting ranks. We have been the means of having various organizations instituted to keep this spirit of loyalty, by the organization of the Sons and Daughters of Veterans to help commemorate our memories when we have answered the last roll call.

WHY HICKEN LOST

An old- time physician, who hasn't been to a fight in "ever so many years," happened to be in Collier's Station, W. Va., about the time they were placing the crown on the head of Ulysses S. Grant over in Washington, namely, March 4, 1873. They didn't worry much about the ceremonies in the national capital, because they had some little affairs of their own to look after—such as the fight between Harry Hicken of England and Bryan Campbell, a coal miner of Pennsylvania.

Butt Riley, Johnny Murphy and Owney Geoghegan were good little pals of Campbell, and the referee, George Seddons, wasn't at all opposed to the combination.

Our friend, the doctor, was standing at the ringside, with bells, and was very foolishly rooting for the Englishman, being from the same country himself.

Up around the twentieth round the odds were 100 to 80, with Hicken playing the favorite, and the old doctor (then spry and young) was simply squandering his kale on his countryman.

In round twenty-four something happened. The fighters went down together and Ned O'Baldwin and Abe Smith hurried over to help Hicken to his corner.

Somebody who maybe knew something about the inside offered $200 to $100, picking Campbell as the victor.

"Hi'll take you!" the doctor replied hotly, placing his currency in alien hands.

There was a quarrel on by this time, and it is said that Murphy soaked O'Baldwin on the dome with the butt end of a pistol.

Hicken got excited and was pushed out of the ring, and then the odds went stronger.

"Three hundred to one hundred on Campbell," the voice bawled out once more.

"Hi'm right with you!" the physician cried, as he peeled off another case-century and placed it into strange hands.

Once more the bet was placed, and the doctor was down to small change.

Then the referee refused to render a decision, saying that he would tell it when he got back to Broadway. The bets went with the crowd, and the doctor protested.

"Hi couldn't follow the bally rotters," he explains. "They 'ad me coin, b'jove, and Hi was without funds. Hi watched the papers, of which Hi still 'ave cuttings—and what d'ye suppose? They gives the fight to Campbell, the bounders, because 'Icken went hout the ring—and they pushed 'im hout, and Hi ain't never got me bit yet. What they did to 'Icken was wrong—what they did to me was a bloomin' shyme—ey?"—Lloyd Kenyon Jones in Kansas City Star.

THE BALL PLAYER BETWEEN GAMES.

The ball player on the field and off is really a dual personality. In the heat of the game he makes spectacular plays that electrify the "fans," browbeats the umpire to the point of drawing a fine, and fights every inch of the circuit with his opponent from first base to home plate. Between games he is, as a rule, a rather quiet chap who flocks with his fellows, seldom talks baseball, and resents the intrusion of "fans" who try to elect him to the role of popular hero.

To those who have studied the national game in all its various aspects, the change in the player who draws round after round of applause in the ball park and slips quietly into the hotel an hour later is one so marked that even familiarity fails to dull the spectacle. The average "fan" who sees the players only in action fails to grasp the atmosphere that surrounds them at other times. With them baseball is a business. When the game is completed they want no more of baseball until the morrow. The banker, lawyer and baker refrain from talking "shop" twenty-four hours a day. And, after all the ball player is of the same general type.

It does not follow, however, that he is without eccentricities. The ball player is from a sturdy mold and begets opinions and queer habits early in life. He realizes that he is both a public character and a popular favorite, and demands treatment in keeping with his position. When he travels the best is none to good for him, and woe betide the economical manager who tries to book a star for an upper berth or at a second-rate hotel. Infringements upon the ethics and procedure or the Amalgamated Order of Baseball are sure to bring forth quick and sharp comment wherein opinion is ridden with a free rein.—Edward Bayard Moss in Harper's Weekly.

THACKERAY'S GIFT OF PUNNING.

Thackeray had a unique gift of coining or choosing names that convey a whimsical idea without actually expressing it by a definite pun, an extraordinary talent for hitting upon names that appear natural and artless because they are so apt, and he played with them as a jugglar tosses balls in the air.

There is Miss Billing (to take an example at random), who is referred to quite casually as having tried to win Colonel Newcome's affections with her music. We imagine the cooing at once, embodied in her songs (says E. Crosby Heath in the Englishwoman). There are the Misses Levison, daughters of a professor of dancing, only mentioned en passant, but bringing to mind a thought of the levitating qualities of their father's art.

Professor Quartz and Baron Hammerstein, the celebrated German geologists. Ah, some one says, they are too transparent. Perhaps they are, but is not their British confrefe, Sir Robert Craxton a deliriously unexpected continuation of the pun? The subject of dancing, by the way, was not exhausted by the Levisons, for you remember Walsingham Hely was "a most amiable, agile and excellent partner," and made Charlotte Baynes very happy at a ball.

Thackeray never openly ridicules his characters by their names; the pun is always sub rosa, as it were. The cringing chaplain is Tufton Hunt, not Tufthunter, as Trollope would have called him; a couple of heavy drinkers (those friends of Dr. Firmin who proposed Philip at the Megatherium club) are veiled as Lord Bottley and Baron Bumpsher—please notice the delicate hint conveyed in the fuddled last syllable of the baron's name.

One is not surprised that Frank Berry married Angelica Catacomb—whichever name was first conceived made the other inevitable; but it is rather well done to call Angelica's father, Sir George Catacomb, apothecary to his late majesty George III. You see he very naturally buried his royal patient. This way of carrying on a pun to a quite unlooked for and hilarious finish is distinctly Thackerayan. Bob Cullender, for instance, is unobtrusive; his country place, Sievety Hall, is amusing; and the further information that he "ran through seven thousand a year before he was 30 years old" sends me, for one, into shrieks of laughter.—Manchester Guardian.

VEGETABLE ELECTRIC BATTERY

Scientists tell us that there has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant which possesses in a very high degree astonishing electric and magnetic power. The band that breaks a leaf from it receives instantly a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an inductive coil. At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it. The energy of this singular force varies, but it is most powerful when the sun is hottest, and in times of storms its intensity increases in striking proportion. One never by any chance sees a bird or an insect light on the electric plant; nature seems to warn them that they would find their death.—Christian Herald.

VERY MUCH IN LOVE

"Say, Emily, are you still as much in love with the handsome ridingmaster as ever?"

"Rather. I became engaged to a friend of his yesterday in order to get to know him."—Fligende Blaetter.